

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



FILE

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THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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NO. 1

A Mother's Prayer

All blessing, child, confirm thy toil
For God's intent divine,
Through years of fond, unending aid
As I in prayer combine.

'Midst angel throngs he dares to dwell,
God's minister enthrall'd;
Though care be rife, and duty grave,
Be true at every call.

Long years ago, I often dreamed
Of those exalted heights;
In efforts of success and love,
My labor he requites.

Now cares shall leave my troubled brow,
In tranquil haste depart.
Remember me at God's bless'd shrines,
Endeared to His mild heart.

From bliss above may angels guide
Thy kindly steps sublime;
With Love of loves in joy supreme,
May we each other find.

Caspar Heimann, '28.

Breaking Through

KINGSTON College was strong on traditions. Both faculty and students held traditions almost as sacred as the laws of the state or the regulations of the Board of Education; perhaps more so. Be that as it may, Joe Leash blamed traditions for failing to make the varsity in '05. After attending a western college for two years, Joe came East. He chose Kingston to complete his studies, expecting to make the varsity easily, since he had been center for two years at his former college, where skill and hard work determined the positions on the team. But at Kingston this was not entirely the case.

"You see, Leash," the coach remarked to him one evening after practice, "at this place the older men get the preference. I know that you have the edge on Baker, but he's been here two years, and I simply have to let him on the regular team. I'd lose my job, if I'd put you in."

Joe naturally lost interest and did not even try for the team the next year, since Baker returned. He graduated that year and left Kingston a trifle chagrined, but not at all bitter.

Joe Junior was to start right in at his dad's Alma Mater, so that tradition could not spoil his chances for the team. He had starred as quarter on his High School team and bade fair to do real service for Kingston. The latter's team had suffered a slump for years, but with the arrival of a new coach of repute, the outlook for Joe's first year was brighter. Since there was no older man to dispute his position, Joe made the team. Although Kingston lost every game the first year, Coach Sanders was satisfied. He knew that he had the makings of a good team.

The next year plenty of new material came out

for the team. Sanders made a desperate effort to break through the iron-bound tradition.

"Leash," he said to Joe one evening, "I'm determined, if at all possible, to make worth, and not tradition, count on this team. Some of these fellows think that just because they've been here two or more years, they can smoke, keep late hours, miss practice, and still stay on the team."

"Can't do it, Coach. It's always been that way. Dad couldn't get on the team just for that reason."

Sanders tried but failed. The team protested, the fathers with the checkbooks threatened, the faculty commanded:—the tradition was sustained.

In spite of this setback, Sanders developed a strong team the next year. Somehow real enthusiasm was infused into the team, with the exception of a few of the older men, whose positions were secure. Joe worked hard, although he, too, felt that his years at Kingston would keep his place for him.

That October, Kingston received an addition. Nat Williams, known all over the East as a crack quarterback, one afternoon made his appearance on the campus. Joe was dismayed. But then, what had he to fear? Had he not been at Kingston for three years? His were first rights. And Joe was not deceived. Coach Sanders had to tell Nat what his predecessor had told Joe's father.

Mr. Leash returned from Europe a week before the first game and directly paid his son a visit. Joe soon told him of his rival.

"Of course, dad," he finished, "there's no danger of my losing my place. I've been here two years, and even though Nat has more of a reputation than I, this is his first year here. They wouldn't dare put me out."

Joe said this with confidence. Still he felt that his

view was not altogether correct. He looked at Mr. Leash inquiringly.

"Joe," Mr. Leash began, "remember that I was in Williams' place when I came here. A fellow like you spoiled my chances. Why not be fair? Break through this foolish tradition. Make the team by your own worth or not at all. Go and tell the coach to give Williams his chance."

The very skies seemed to fall! Give in to Williams? Impossible, not even for the team!

"Think it over, Joe. You'll see that I'm right. To change the subject, have you and Grace buried the hatchet yet?"

"Can't do a thing, dad, she won't see me. Tried several times."

Two days later Joe accosted Coach Sanders:

"Mr. Sanders, I've been thinking about Williams. He's a better quarter than I. Why harm your team just because I've been here longer than he? Try again to break through this tradition, as you did last year. This time I'll back you up."

Sanders reeled.

"You, trying to kid me?—Leash, you're a brick. You're almost as good a quarter as Williams, I believe,—not quite so fast, but brainier—but if you back me up, and are willing to sacrifice your regular position, I'll break through and make these fellows tow the mark or bust!"

The old hardened tradition gave way before the fire and pep of Joe's stern resolution and Coach Sanders' determination. The team protested vigorously, but Joe's courageous backing finally calmed its anger. A veritable cleaning-out followed. The regulars, feeling their position endangered, worked might and main to retain it; the seconds, knowing that a

regular position would reward skill, put forth their best efforts. Coach Sanders was jubilant. His team would be the best ever put out by Kingston.

To strengthen Sanders' position, Joe remained on the bench for the first two games. After that he played in two quarters of each game. In the big game with Dartley, Joe went in for the first quarter. His quick thinking and craftiness pulled the Kingston eleven from many a tight pinch, since Dartley outweighed Kingston by many pounds. Straight football was useless for Kingston, but Joe's level and crafty mind called into action all the trick plays that he and Sanders had devised. Nevertheless, Dartley relentlessly battered Kingston's forward attackers and made a steady march to the goal. With but thirty seconds before half, Morely, star half for Dartley, place-kicked a goal from the forty yard line. The half ended 3-0.

The third quarter saw nothing sensational. Sanders made a few substitutions, among which was Williams for Joe. Dartley was too confident to fight hard, while Kingston managed to hold its own against its heavier rival. The teams changed sides at last quarter, and the huge crowd settled down to silence, content to watch and wait, hoping against hope that Kingston would break through for a tie, or possible victory.

A minute and a half was left to play with the ball in Kingston's possession on their own forty yard line. Williams called for a pass; the ball was snapped. Hudkins pulled back, received the pass and quick as a flash, threw the ball to the speedy Williams, who had worked behind Dartley's fullback. Williams whirled and started for the goal. Ten yards were gained when Dartley's huge left end crashed into Williams. The end arose, but Williams lay where

he had fallen. Joe was now called back into the game.

Thirty seconds remained until the end of the game. Kingston had the ball fifty yards from the goal, in the center of the field. Joe was desperate, but quick as a flash, gave the signal: another pass. This play had been devised for Williams on account of his speed; no one thought that Joe could pull it through. The play started on a right end run. Joe left the interference and ran to the left. He knew that the ball was sailing in his direction. It was coming—he would miss it. No, with a superhuman effort Joe leaped into the air, felt the ball, and closed his hands just as the timer's gun cracked. Forty yards to the goal with the safety man to avoid. Joe zigzagged down the field, endeavoring to throw the safety man off balance. This he did, but he lost too much time, for he heard a Dartley back rushing toward him from the side. Ten yards to the goal, then five, but Joe counted no more. The half-back hit, and both went flying through space. A loud shout assailed Joe's ears and then oblivion. —

Joe rubbed his eyes and looked around. What was that dull feeling in his head? He was lying in bed. Who was that sitting at the foot of the bed?

"Why, Grace, —"

"Joe! I would not have missed that game for anything. After dad told me what a sacrifice you made for the team, I just couldn't be angry anymore, —."

They had chatted fifteen minutes, when Joe suddenly asked:

"Say, where did I land with that ball?"

"Didn't you hear? Just a hair's breadth behind the goal."

—Edward Siegman, '28.

Pindar, The Greek Lyrical

PINDAR," writes Dr. Blair, "is the great father of lyric poetry." After two thousand years of careful study combined with admiration, scholars universally acknowledge him as the most sublime lyric poet. Extensive travel and keen observation accumulated for him a storehouse of glorious treasures which he has revealed in his writings. Like the more fortunate Greeks of his day, he received as thorough an education as conditions permitted. At Athens he studied music, art, and poetry, but to what extent we do not know. Herodotus tells us that he was carefully guided in the paths of instruction by Myrtis and Corinna, both women of considerable fame and poetic talent. To the latter, it would seem, he owed the greater debt since she was directly responsible for the introduction of mythical narratives into his poems, as the music, rhythm, and elevated language were properly designed merely to adorn the subject matter. As an individual, Pindar impresses us almost as a contemporary. Noble-minded ambition inspired many of his actions; he seems conscious of his pre-eminence and hence at times leaves an unwarranted impression of pride and haughtiness.

Let us turn now from the man himself and consider him chiefly in the light of his works. The individual man, we must remember, is not lost in his works, but merely explained and interpreted by them. Without them he is the guest in the deserted banquet hall, the musician without his instrument. While Pindar, we are told, possessed the magic touchstone of every form of lyric poetry, most of his productions have been lost. In estimating Pindar, therefore, the only class of poems which serve us as criteria

are his Triumphal Odes, celebrating the victories at the various athletic contests. These poems number forty-four—fourteen Olympian, twelve Pythian, eleven Nemean, and seven Isthmian. The Olympic matches particularly were of deep moral significance for the Greeks. Moved in childlike confidence, Pindar thus writes of them:

“Olympia! mother of the old-crowned games!
Great springs of Truth divine!
Where seers around the holy shrine,
With augury of sacred flames,
Essay the mind of Jove, the Thunder-King,
If aught of hope he bring
To heroes straining for the glorious wreath,
Which bids the aching heart in triumph breathe.”

In explanation of this religious sentiment, H. W. Mabie writes, “Behind Greek life was this sublime and misty contact with the gods; the memory, as it were of greater ages and of a loftier race, when the sons of the gods possessed the earth, and the glory of their strength and beauty was upon it. Out of their deep experiences, out of their manifold contacts with life, out of their poetic perceptions of the splendor of the visible world, the poetic Greeks had formed almost unconsciously, these glorious images of the deities, these noble figures of their fathers, these profound and beautiful traditions of struggle and prowess, these marvelous stories in which the mystery of the forces of Nature and of her varied phenomena were illustrated or personified. . . . These figures seem like the survivors of submerged worlds of thought; in their beauty and profound poetic significance they recall whole generations of the imaginative but inarticulate men.”

Critics have ascribed to Pindar the title of “Theban

Eagle" to illustrate the power and rapidity with which he carries the mind into the loftiest regions. Horace likens him to the swift-running, loud-rushing torrent. With his remarkable grandeur and striking originality there is always combined and exquisite art. One may easily arrive at an understanding of his devotion to poetry from his own words, "No sculptor, I, to fashion images that shall stand idly on one pedestal for ages. No; go thou forth, sweet song of mine, on every freighted ship, on each light bark."

Even a hurried perusal of Pindar's works acquaints us with a charm of style, vying at times with the most beautiful productions of other countries. Matthew Arnold characterizes him as "the poet on whom above all other poets the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect." No rendering, we are told, can give the form and hue of the original masterpiece.

What pride and secret satisfaction must the artist experience as he sees his work gradually approach the very countertype of nature! A similar satisfaction, I believe, filled the heart of Pindar as he proclaimed his message to the Greeks of his day. In view of his ambition, this, I feel, was the secret fountainhead of his poetic mastery. From it arose the rippling waters of brilliancy and splendor of diction. In its placid depths are mirrored the pinnacles of severe dignity and calmness, the lofty towers of nobility and piety. The works of Pindar reveal a variety of style and lofty conception, a splendor and pleasing vitality, to which only great poets have attained. When we realize that no two odes were written in the same metre, we cannot fail to wonder at the perfection of his metrical symmetry. Add to this his vividness of imagery and sublimity in figures, his anecdotes and maxims, his allusions to

mythology, and we have the essence of a great author. The insertion of mythological references, we have mentioned, was due to his teacher Corrina. In his choice, however, of such material, he was very careful. Of myths relating things unworthy of the gods he says, "I cannot think this way of the divine beings." His first attempts consequently are impressive for the very number of such references. His teacher, thereupon, advised him, "Sow with the hand, not with the sack." Pindar, therefore, is not merely a devout, but also an eminently moral, poet. His works give advice and reproof, as well as praise, to his patrons. Moral inference at times is highly stressed. The poet cherishes the virtue of temperance and love toward parents. In his practical aspect of life he is notably modern, as witnessed by the following brief extract:

"Prosperity is first of fortune's meeds;

Glory succeeds;

Who had won both and kept wealth and renown

He hath attained unto the supreme crown."

To maintain, however, that Pindar is without faults is quite impossible. His bold transitions cannot find a complete justification, and at times his thought and story lack symmetry. On the other hand we must remember that the Greek mind was highly developed to supply this apparent void. Pindar, it is true, does not rival the tenderness of a Simonides, nor the warlike and patriotic strain of an Aeschylus. Like Homer, on the other hand, he has succeeded in reviving a glorious past, magnificent in Grecian mythology, there to picture for his readers some hero in triumph, some god in celestial splendor. As long, indeed, as people interest themselves in the lyric cloak which enfolds them, so long will they look to Pindar as their noble teacher and competent guide.

Broken Fortunes

Mr. Gray was a prominent business man in New York and in view of his merits and ability, his company had sent him West to investigate certain oil and mineral regions. The Gray family had already spent three years in their delightful new home and each day brought new successes. Contracts of purchase were already endorsed by the Eastern firm and Mr. Gray was to assume full charge of the new locality. Business expanded rapidly until one day when Mr. Gray received news of the failure of an important mining project. He insisted on investigating the matter personally.

"Please," pleaded Mrs. Gray, "stay here for several days and —"

"No, Agnes," replied the stern husband. "Duty calls me elsewhere and I must respond. Perhaps this investigation work will prove successful, and thus I can mend my recent failure. After this term of my presidency at the mining camp, I shall leave it forever."

The tactful wife quickly busied herself in preparing the evening meal and her call for supper was more than welcome. Three ever-hungry faces willingly responded and the room fairly rang with shouting and laughter. Presently the kind mother seated herself at the table to join the family circle, and scarcely had she done so when little Margie slyly approached her mother and begged admission, as it were, to her fond embraces. She was not refused, and amid the discussion of business prospects between "mother and daddy" she soon fell asleep. Rising half reluctantly, Mr. Gray prepared to leave.

Their pleasant conversation ended abruptly.

"Be careful," encouraged the loving wife, "and please return soon. At times life seems so dreadfully lonesome."

A hurried farewell was her only consolation.

Three weeks later as Agnes sat at the window of her little cottage, she mused over the events of that memorable evening. No word from Mr. Gray had reached her and no one knew of his whereabouts; he might be lost now—nay, dead! (She shuddered at the very thought.) As she turned her gaze to the three bright-eyed children playing by her side, she fairly envied their lives, still untainted by care and strife. During the past two weeks the weather had become exceptionally cold, but, thanks to the careful solicitude of her husband, Agnes had sufficient means to procure comfort.

Agnes was sewing intently for some time. Her little queen, Margie, happy and care-free, was playing innocently by her side, when suddenly she clapped her tiny hands and cried for fear. Attracted by the cries of the child, the hopeful wife turned her eyes toward the street. A haggard figure trudged slowly along the narrow sidewalk. His clothes were torn and tattered; an old cap rested carelessly upon his head. As he approached nearer, his step appeared unsteady; dark black locks fell in a disheveled mass over his face.

"Pray, dearest; no one will harm us defenseless creatures," consoled the mother.

After several tedious minutes had passed, a stranger turned toward the entrance of the cottage. He paused for a moment at the outer threshold and then slowly ascended the few steps. A faint feeble knock was heard and three little children scampered

behind their mother, who slowly advanced to the door. With a whisper of encouragement to her dear little ones, she opened the door. Two kind but penetrating eyes met her frightened glance; two lips parted hesitantly to utter a single word, "Agnes!" It was the voice of her husband, who now sought admission to his own home! He fainted and fell hopelessly at his wife's feet. Loving hands quickly raised him; not the slightest inconvenience marred his comfort.

After a short time the village doctor arrived, but he feared defeat. His only order was "absolute quiet and occasional stimulants." Life for Agnes seemed to be opening a panorama of deepening twilight. Days passed by; moments of consciousness gave hopeful comfort to a disconsolate wife and to a persevering doctor. During the eighth night the sick man rallied faintly. It was the first time since his return that he was sufficiently conscious to converse, but though his words were few, they conveyed a wealth of meaning. As Agnes entered the spotless bed-room, two white hands were extended to greet her. Mr. Gray bade his care-worn wife to draw closer, and only then he began:

"My story is short, but very sad, I fear. (His voice faltered.)

"The night I last saw you I was ill. I could not meet defeat and when I reached the mining camp, I learned that probable mineral treasures were still further away. I was determined to succeed at any cost, and set out immediately. Our company traveled all night and near morning we were caught in a heavy storm. During the following days the weather became colder, and, as a result of my drenched clothes I took sick with pneumonia. Medicine was out of the question, but a few herbs, carefully prepared by a

trained miner, gradually gave vigor to my weak body. After days and weeks of uncertainty, I recovered sufficiently to attempt the journey home, but the snow-storm was too much. For two days I traveled almost unceasingly and finally I was rewarded. Now, dearest Agnes, forgive the indifference of that departure. Tonight, I fear, will be my last, and may our final parting be one of joy and hope." He sank back into his pillow wearily.

Agnes could not answer. A tender smile and a fond embrace were her only, but most certain, assurance of pardon.

"Fear not," he continued even less distinctly, "for me. A saintly old Friar at the Mission gave me absolution, and with your hearty forgiveness, I am ready to depart."

Agnes left the room for a moment to recover herself, but returned soon with three bashful little faces by her side. "Daddy poor man," sighed the little fairy Margie, but the father could wait no longer. With one supreme effort he welcomed his dear children, and each implanted a childlike kiss upon his pale brow. Exhausted by the intense excitement, he fell back unconscious upon the pillow, never again to see those kind and loving faces. Claspings the hand of his heartbroken wife, and with a low murmur, "love your dearest mother," he passed to the world beyond.

Deprived of her life's companion, Agnes devoted herself untiringly to the care of her children. She loved them all most tenderly. They were her sole source of consolation, and cheerful participants in her joys; unknowingly they relieved the anguish of disappointed hopes and expectations.

—Caspar Heimann, '28.

The Champion of Classicism

Two portentous stars glimmered over the city of London in 1688. The one boded evil, for it ushered in the bloody English Revolution. The other portended good, for it cast its twinkling rays upon an infant who was to become one of the greatest literary men of England. This child was no other than Alexander Pope, who was born of Catholic parents in a poor district of London. Despite the fact that he was physically deformed, he was an extremely precocious boy and made an early start on the road to literary fame, as is evident from this well known couplet:

“As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.”

Being an only child, it was but natural that he was idolized by his fond parents, who educated him as well as their slender means allowed. Further details of his life are unimportant; hence we shall devote ourselves to the study of his character, whereby we may acquire a better understanding of his writings and dispel the stormy clouds of prejudice which hover over the memory of this much maligned author.

As is the case with most cripples, he had a very sensitive nature, which burned with indignation when ridicule was heaped upon him. This fact, together with the baneful influence of Swift, explains why he wrote such pungent satires, which, in their descent to the succeeding generations, have lost none of their sting. To be fair, however, we must look also at the sunny side of his character, which, as a matter of fact, appeared supreme during the major portion of his life. Toward those who showed themselves courteous, Pope conducted himself as a perfect gentleman, thus acquiring many warm friends. Of

him De Quincey writes: "As a friend, it is noticed emphatically by Martha Blount and other contemporaries who must have had the best means of judging, that no man was so warm-hearted, or so much sacrificed himself for others, as Pope; and in fact many of his quarrels grew out of this trait in his character. For once that he leveled his spear in his own quarrel, at least twice he did so in behalf of his insulted parents or his friends." Out of consideration for so noble a character, we can well afford to overlook a few minor defects, for, as he himself writes,

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

The road to success which Pope traveled led, indeed, up a steep and rocky mountain. Besides being physically deformed, he was a Catholic, which circumstance presented an almost insurmountable obstacle to the success of an aspiring poet, for Catholics were excluded from the universities of England. Even granted that he could have obtained a good education outside of the universities, still the current of anti-Catholic prejudice was so strong that only a man of solid worth could brave its roaring whirlpools and escape from being hurled on the rocky shores of oblivion. Being a Catholic, he was refused offers of patronage. To remain a Catholic, he refused the distinguished position of poet laureateship itself. Such constancy of character and courage in following out one's convictions indeed elicits much heartfelt admiration.

Having obtained an insight into one of the noblest characters among English writers, and bearing in mind how his long journey to success was made painful by the thorns of jealousy harboured by his envious contemporaries, we are now in the position to criticize the writings which flowed from the pen of such a genius as Pope was. He holds claim to an

important position in our library, in view of his efforts as poet, satirist, and essayist. By examining a production in each of these fields of literature, we shall find that he is indeed deserving of a familiar place in our "study window."

Many whose acquaintance with Pope is rather limited say that he is a mere satirist, possessing none of the powers of a poet. To the reader of "The Rape of the Lock," however, this appears as a rank fallacy. In no other poem of the English language is there such an artistic combination of elegance and fancy. Though in many of his writings Pope is merely intellectual, yet in this poem he will compare favorably with any of the other poets, for he portrays the artificial society of his day with a combination of fancy and wit which is unparalleled even at the present time. In his force, gaiety, and fancy, he closely resembles Horace, one of the most charming writers of antiquity.

The work which is often urged against Pope by his calumniators is "The Dunciad," the cleverest satire ever written. Although it is marred by some coarseness, still it must be remembered that the author lived in an age whose morals were by no means commendable. Pure in his own life, he used satire to drive into the remotest corners of secrecy those whose lives were not exemplary. For those, therefore, who can see only the defects in his works, the closing lines of his "Essay on Criticism" hold true:

"All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye."

True, he treated some of his contemporaries harshly, but his sensitive nature was so chafed by their inconsiderate ridicule that the smoldering fire of resentment often broke forth into flames of righteous

indignation. In addition to these considerations, we must remember that satire is a form of literature which is rarely written perfectly. Pope, however, has placed another jewel in the crown of the English language, for it may now boast also of graceful and artistic satires.

In the field of argumentative poetry, Pope stands supreme among his rivals, just as the moon beaming with resplendent glory seems to be the mistress of the firmament because of the numberless smaller heavenly bodies around her. In his "Essay on Criticism," the best argumentative poem in the English language, we find a wholesome combination of wit and poetry. Many of the thoughts expressed in rhymed couplets are today used as proverbs, familiar alike to romping youth and tottering old age. For thoughts lucid as the noon-day sun, and for terseness throughout the entire poem, we must search the archives of literature for many an hour to find their equal. Here again, if we would ask hoary Father Time about the men who withered away at the stroke of his impartial scythe when he was approximately two thousand years younger, he would undoubtedly tell us in kindly accents of a man whom also Pope revered, and from whose "Ars Poetica" he obtained much material for his "Essay on Criticism."

In general, the works of Pope are characterized by force, wit, fancy, and terseness of expression. Though they may not be our choice companions in daily life, still we must go to them at times and imbibe from those fountains the wisdom and inspiration which continuously stream out of them. Despite many obstacles, Pope continued his toilsome journey up the mountain of fame and scaled its majestic heights, thus meriting for himself the victor's crown. Let all prejudice, therefore, be laid aside and that

honor which was his due when he died in 1744, now be paid to him who bequeathed to posterity a rich legacy and made it possible for England to boast, not only of romances and of lyric poems, but also of satires, graceful and artistic.

—Roman Lochotzki, '28.

The path of duty runs parallel with the wide road to happiness.

Patronize our advertisers; they have patronized us.

IN MEMORIAM

We have learned with profound sympathy of the death of Mr. Edward Patrick Honan. As a staunch supporter of college activities, he was ever a valuable aid to St. Joseph's College; for twenty-three years he personally supervised the teaching of Parliamentary Law and not infrequently rendered his willing service as a public speaker. He was greatly instrumental in making the Columbian Literary Society what it is today, and its present status is, to a marked degree, the result of his careful guidance and instruction. No words can express the sentiments of sympathy that hold sway in our hearts, and no expression of appreciation can ever repay the many and exacting services of one who was ever loyal and true, of one who never hesitated to sacrifice himself for the welfare and success of those who looked to him for guidance. May the memory of his noble deeds be an inspiration to others who still struggle on the pathway of life.

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Rev. Meinrad Koester, C. PP. S. -----Faculty Director

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EDITORIAL

IN THE world about us changes innumerable occur continuously. So common, indeed, have these changes become that in the broad field of personal interests we almost fail to recognize their existence. Invariably, however, a change means more than is usually supposed; it means that plant or animal life about us has taken another step in advance, a marked transition, not to something less significant, but always to a higher strata of usefulness and service. Changes are the determining features in the makeup of life—changes, not for their own sake, but always as an indication of progress on the road of industrial, commercial, economic,

mental, or moral endeavor.

The present issue of The St. Joseph's Collegian marks a renewal in the sphere of literary endeavor in this institution. From the early days of St. Joseph's College until the rather late date of 1910 the Collegian was the popular school magazine. Since that time, however, various other publications, more predominantly local in spirit, have made their appearance, chief among which was The Cheer. This publication was notably local in spirit and appeal, and hence we are not surprised at the fact that it lost in circulation, that in truth, its existence was unknown to not even a few of the Alumni.

The present publication is an answer to a twofold demand—a desire among the Alumni to reap the benefits of a true sketch of their Alma Mater which they have learned to love and remember, and secondly, a decided wish among the student body for something more general in its appeal, more solid in its subject matter, in a word, more representative of St. Joseph's. In the selection of materials, the editing staff has chosen as the most promising prospect of success a golden mean. In their attempt to establish something more representative of the intellectual activities of St. Joseph's College they have scrupulously aimed to retain items of general interest in sports, social activities, and campus events in general. With this brief explanation it is the cherished hope of the present editing staff that success will await their efforts, that genuine satisfaction and entertainment will be the harvest for their readers.

When a magazine reader, in the midst of an engrossing story is forced to thumb through seemingly myriad pages of advertising matter in order to pick

up once more the thread of the story, he is very apt to say many unkind things of advertising and advertisers. One of the remarks that this same magazine reader probably makes is, "Why don't the editors take out most of this advertising and give us more interesting articles?" Readers of the Collegian, finding its pages all too few, may be inclined to ask the same question. Had these readers thought for a few minutes longer, this question would have been unasked, for a few minutes' reflection would have brought home to them the fact that without advertising the price of practically all magazines would be prohibitive to the majority of readers.

An advertiser is a species of "fairy godmother" to the magazine reader, but few of the readers realize this fact. The advertisers in periodicals which do not come under the classification of school and college publications are not altogether as altruistic as fairy godmothers. The men who call attention to their wares through the medium of the printed page expect and often do receive good returns on their investment in ad-copy. The men, however, who advertise in school magazines advertise more because of a spirit of friendliness toward the school, than because of the hope of a substantial business increase.

Such a spirit of friendliness towards St. Joseph's College, rather than the hope of material gain, has prompted most of the Collegian's advertisers to advertise in these pages. The Collegian wishes to thank these advertisers for their spirit of friendliness and hopes that the ads will bring to the various Rensselaer, as well as to out-of-town merchants, a more tangible return than the mere good-will of the student body. In order to convince these merchants

that advertising in the pages of the Collegian is more valuable to them than they had imagined it to be, it would be well for the student body to read over the ads very carefully in order that they may remember the friends of the Collegian in a substantial manner whenever the opportunity presents itself. Students of St. Joseph's should make it a point to show a decided preference for all those who advertise in the Collegian. Whenever contemplating a purchase the thought that should always come to the student's mind is "Can I buy that article from a merchant who advertises in the Collegian?"

EXCHANGES

IN THE decades between 1890 and 1910, a different attitude prevailed toward Exchanges from that of the present day. Besides the friendly constructive criticism and comment interchanged, veritable pen-battles were waged in the Exchange column. Bottles of ink were spilt in mutual "razzing," and many an exchange-editor, smarting from a tongue-lashing received at the hand of a brother-editor, wreaked bloody vengeance in his next issue. The fifteen years that have elapsed since the last volume of the Collegian appeared have brought a change. Friendly criticism still remains, but exchange warfare is dead. As a result, both in importance and in interest, the exchange column has lost.

In spite of this change, however, the Exchange-editor still holds the prominent place on the Collegian staff accorded by tradition, with the difference that he no longer holds it by his own importance, but rather in deference to that tradition and to the renown of his predecessors, foremost among whom

was the present Reverend Director of the Collegian.

The Exchange-editor hopes that the old friends of the Cheer's exchange department will not fail him. Copies of the Collegian are being sent to the complete list of exchanges published in the Cheer's last issue. He also solicits suggestions from the students, and will gladly exchange with high-school or college papers whose names are presented by the students.

The Reverend Librarian has readily consented to reserve a place for exchanges in the reading room.

Within a day or two after their arrival, exchanges will be placed in the reading room for the perusal of the students, and will be kept there until succeeding numbers arrive. Students are asked to read them at the place reserved and not to scatter them about the reading room. The Exchange department is grateful to the Rev. Librarian for this courtesy.

The following exchanges were received to date, but they arrived too late for review in this issue: Prep Newsette, Grand Rapids; Gee-Ay, Dubuque; Red and Blue, San Francisco; Centric, Toledo; Lafayette Light, St. Joseph, Mo.; High School News, Ottawa; Look-a-Head, Norwalk; Rattler, San Antonio; Tech Rainbow (3 numbers), Atlanta; Enicar, Racine; Wendelette, Fostoria; Hays Catholic College Journal, Hays.

LIBRARY NOTES

As the student advances from grammar school to high school and then to college, he observes that there has been a gradual change in the system of education from mere lesson-giving on the part of the teacher to an increase of self-activity on the part of the student. The student's self-activity leads him to a wider use of books. If, as he should, the youth learns to read widely, to compare authorities and to

criticise, he has done much to make certain that his mental growth shall not cease with the commencement exercises.

In order to acquire the ability to use books to the best advantage as tools, the student should become well acquainted with his school library. It is in the library that the gist of what the world has found out is stored, and it is there that the student should come to supplement his own small store of knowledge by listening to "the voices of the past that speak to us through books." One of the principal benefits that should be derived from a college course, or for that matter even from a high school course, is the acquirement of a lasting interest in and a critical appreciation of books.

The guidance of teachers and librarians will prevent the students from taking many winding by-paths, which though pleasant, occupy much valuable time in leading the young reader many miles from his goal. The student, however, will find that though others may tell him what to read, to gain any lasting benefits he must do the reading himself. The books that are most worthwhile are not always the easiest in which to become interested. Once the reading has been completed, however, the reader has the pleasurable feeling that he has stored up something of value for future years. To the mind made lazy by easy conquests of magazine stories and the momentarily popular novels of the day, reading of books with a cultural value seems an almost colossal labor, but once the mind has shaken off the lassitude caused by literary indigestion, magazines and best sellers are used only when the refined gold contained between the covers of the classics is not available.

If the student wishes to take full advantage of the

years spent in high school and college, he should begin at once to read widely, to compare authorities and to criticise. When his course is completed, he will have learned to use books to the best advantage as tools, and will go out into the world with the desire to use books for inspiration and for the enrichment of his life.

Societies

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

During the year of '26 and '27 unusual success attended every effort of the Columbian Literary Society in the field of dramatic production. Encouraged by this great year, the Columbians of '27 and '28 will take up the work with renewed vigor and earnestness. The field that lies before the members of the C. L. S. possesses all the possibilities of a new-born day—possibilities of intense interest, of progress and achievement for the society. If the fountain heads of advancement and achievement rest upon the susceptibility and the willingness of the members, then surely the golden sun of the C. L. S. of '27 and '28 which now rises with such apparent serenity and promise will set upon a year of unprecedented success and merited glory.

Not at all inane are the hopes of the Columbians for they look with pride and confidence to the staff of officers chosen at the first meeting held September 11. As leader and representative of the society, Joseph Hartmann was chosen to fill the office of president. William Stecker was elected vice-president, while Robert Koch was chosen for secretary. The important office of critic was placed in the hands of

Caspar Heimann and the office of treasurer was entrusted to Ferdinand Evans. Harold Diller as chairman, assisted by Edward Siegman and Anthony Thoben, was elected to constitute the executive committee. As marshal the Rev. Director appointed Albert Frericks. Robert Koch and John Wissert became, also by appointment, stage managers.

In the remarks of the Reverend Director which followed the election of officers, the first public presentation of the society was announced for the eve of October 12. The meeting adjourned upon the conclusion of remarks by the Reverend Director.

Sunday evening, September 18, the Columbian assembled for a special meeting. In the course of the meeting, the program for the eve of Columbus Day, including the cast for the play "The Crumbs That Fall," was announced. The admission of new members who numbered forty-two formed the only other item of especial interest during the meeting.

NEWMAN CLUB

The Newman Club began its activities when the Reverend Director called the first meeting on September 25. A chairman and secretary, pro tem. having been appointed, the society, assisted by instructions from the Reverend Moderator, proceeded to the election of officers. The elections resulted in the following list of officials: president, Victor Pax; vice-president, Thomas Durkin; secretary, Francis Otto; treasurer, Arnold Grot; critic, Frederick Hunt; executive committee, Ambrose Freund, Raymond Guillozet, Joseph Herod; marshal, Michael Vanecko. With this promising staff to guide their efforts, the Newmans are undoubtedly justified in placing their ex-

pectations very high and failure can never attend conscientious endeavor.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT, C. S. M. C.

The first meeting of the Dwengerites, held Sunday, September 18, was called to order by the president and opened with prayer by the Reverend Moderator. As the unit proceeded with the order of business, which included the reports of the various officers and committees, the names of the students desiring admission to the ranks of the society were presented and voted upon. They were received unanimously. The election of officers came in due course, and the following staff was elected: president, Edward Siegman; vice-president, Joseph Schill; secretary, Thomas Durkin; treasurer, Thomas Corcoran; librarian, Cletus Kern. The officers assumed their duties immediately, and after a timely address by the Reverend Moderator, the unit adjourned.

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

After a delay of some two weeks, the Raleigh Smoking Club was organized upon the action of Father R. Landoll. True Raleigh pep and enthusiasm were manifest among the members of the club. The most important business before the house was the election of officers. On the official staff the club placed William Meyer as president, Michael Walz as secretary, Anthony Thoben as treasurer, and Cyril Lauer and Harold Diller as marshals. The remarks of the Reverend Moderator consisted for the most part in a timely review of the rules of smoking, with hearty wishes and sincere hopes for a successful, happy, and truly pleasant school year.

ALUMNI NOTES

The staff of the Collegian heartily welcomes any letter, article, criticism, or suggestion that an alumnus feels willing to submit to them. Copies of this issue of the Collegian are being mailed to every alumnus and it is the sincere hope of the managing editors that the publication will meet with the approval and hearty sanction of the alumni.

William Friemoth, editor-in-chief of The Cheer for '26 and '27 sends his sincere wishes for the success of the Collegian.

The entire secular division of the class of '27, with the exception of Paul Russell and Bernard O'Neill, is now pursuing its course of study at St. Gregory's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The best wishes of his many friends at St. Joe attend Paul Russell as he takes up his studies this year in Rome.

With the exception of Gregory Gobel, who is studying at St. Gregory's, Cincinnati, the entire community division of the class of '27 is continuing its advanced studies at St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio.

Charles Boldrick of '25 and Adam Sattler of '23 are also continuing their studies in Rome, Italy.

Eugene Arnoldi of '24 and Isadore Paullus of '24 are now pursuing their course of studies at Innsbruck, Austria.

Clarence Weiker, who had planned to graduate from St. Joseph's this year, was requested by the bishop of the Louisville diocese to take up philosophy at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Maryland.

Athletics

SIXTHS DOWN THIRDS, 25-0

In the opening game of the local football season, the Sixths emerged victorious from this tilt with the Thirds. The game was rather one-sided, but, at times, the Thirds rallied and played on an equal footing with their heavier opponents. Coaches Hartmann and Aubry of the Thirds used their entire squad in this game. Although the game was lost, it was a great help to the Third year players, giving them some real football experience.

The Sixths elected to receive, and on the kick-off returned the ball to midfield. At this point they began their steady march to victory. Captain Lauer and quarterback Meyer were the chief ground gainers in the backfield of the Sixths, while Len Connor, at end, received several passes for substantial gains. On the line, Longanbach, Frenzer, and Stecker were the stars. Repeatedly these linemen broke through the opposing forward wall to snag runners before the play started. The Sixths' touchdowns were scored by Connor, E. Meyer, Lauer, and Wolf.

Throughout the entire game, the Third year team showed lack of experience and a lack of sufficient confidence. The line was weak and ineffective, and as a result, the backfield was unable to gain much ground. Captain Larsen and quarterback Tatar, however, made several nice gains around the ends. Zarrett and Duray at quarter showed promise of developing into crack players. Kienly and Martin at ends played fairly well, while Boker was the chief man on defense, downing most of the men who came through

the line. The thirds will play a better game in a couple of weeks. Watch them!

FOURTHS 14, FIFTHS 6

The Fourths avenged a defeat of a year's standing by defeating the Fifths 14-6. With both teams playing a smashing type of football, the game proved to be exciting and very interesting. Straight football was the order of the day, but only one of the three touchdowns came by this method. The proverbial "breaks" were much in evidence; Dame Fortune smiling about equally on both teams. The Fourths' playing showed weeks of hard practice, while the Fifths' style of attack and defense showed a lack of drilling and practice.

In the first quarter, after an exchange of punts, Weigel, right end for the Fourths, intercepted a pass and ran fifty yards unmolested, for the first goal of the game. Captain Herod, in the second quarter of the game carried the ball from the Fifths' three yard line for the second marker. The Fifths gained their lone touchdown in the second quarter, when Barge intercepted a pass in midfield, and after dodging several players, scampered to the goal for a touchdown. A touchback boosted the Fourths' points to 14 when Schill fumbled a kickoff and was downed behind the goal.

To make any distinction between the line playing of the two teams would be practically impossible. Huzvar, Vanecko, Grot, and Weigel were the heavy duty men on the Fourths' front line. For the Fifths, Wissert, E. Guillozet, Pollak, and Anzinger played an exceptionally hard game, and held themselves on a par with their victorious opponents.

The Fourth year backfield proved to be superior

to the Fifths, especially in punting. Billinger and Herod were the principal ground gainers for the Fourths. To Barge goes the credit of being the best open field runner of the game. He returned several punts in an excellent manner, but his playing failed to co-ordinate the Fifth's backfield into a solid fighting machine.

Reveries

As we returned once more to school for another year of instruction, we noted the enthusiastic welcome with which we were received back into the halls of old St. Joe. At times, it seems as if the best day of vacation is that last day when we meet our classmates, those boys with whom we have played and worked, and together with whom we resolve to get all that the present year can possibly give.

A day or two later when we had quieted down somewhat, we began to look around more. So far as we could tell, then, the only thing which had changed was the enrollment. Our chapel was pretty well filled, but we were all comfortable. Some 290 boys were registered; a larger number than usual. Everybody was happy with the exception of several freshmen who were spending their first days away from home.

What has always interested me in particular, is an opportunity to watch the students. How much of his character a boy's face does reveal! One sees serious faces, happy faces, sad faces, indifferent faces—yes, and funny faces too. Each class has suffered some losses but these are readily offset by the quality and quantity of the newcomers. They are welcome and we hope they will enjoy a happy and profitable school year.

Since classes were resumed we have enjoyed two

movies. The first, "The Winning of Barbara Worth" was an intensely human story. Reclamation of the large national deserts was the instructive point in the picture. A drama of love in its finer settings interested the entire audience. Of course mystery plays are always interesting. Sometimes, however, one becomes wearied if the plot is not unravelled soon enough. Such was emphatically not the case with the picture entitled "The Bat." Suspense was maintained, but not so long as to bore the spectators. "The Bat" is not one of those mystery stories in which one solves the plot before the denouement, and then pats himself on the back for having it correct. Not one student was heard to say that he had guessed the identity of the "Bat" before the movie ended. So impressive was the acting that many felt certain of disturbed slumbers during the night.

MUSIC

O language of a passioned heart!
Our silent thoughts thou dost express
In gentle sway of blissful art—
Love's joys relate and griefs confess.

O soothing balm of troubled strife!
Thy mellow chords in sweetest strain
Refresh dull hearts 'mid cares of life,—
In mirth and glee and trial and pain.

Thou loving guide so charming fair!
Thou noblest good that mortals know!
Thou virtue pure and treasure rare!
Thou kindly fount of bliss below!

—Harold Diller '28

Free Air---Hot and Otherwise

Those time-honored and deep-carved initials in the grand-stand were all but effaced this summer when new paint was applied to the structure. A Society for the Preservation of Initials should be organized at once in order to frustrate any further attempt at their destruction.

We, seniors are thankful that the "Doctor" with his cheerful smile is still with us. 'Mike' Vanecko will thus have another year for preparing himself to fulfill the position that was willed to him last June. Let it be well spent 'Mike' for a vacancy such as 'Doc' will leave is not easily filled.

What unpleasant memories would be recalled if someone were, (accidentally, as it were) to ask Kasper if sulphuric acid has an odor!

'Sal' Foltz receives the prize of one cast iron test tube in recognition of his valiant work in heading the breakage list in the Chemistry Laboratory. No 'Cy,' it does not matter how many you break now, only the first man wins a prize.

Teller: "This yegg just killed the cashier and attempted to take \$60,000.00 from the bank!"

Traffic Cop (looking at the thug's car and then at the thug): "That's a mighty poor excuse for parking in front of a fireplug."

The newly provided parking space west of the Faculty building is a needed improvement. It beats city parking space several times since it is seldom crowded

and has no fireplugs or alleyways, and no 'copper' to hang tickets on the car while the owner is gone.

Visitor: "About how many boys study here?"

Prefect (ironically): "About half of 'em."

The only people who laugh and grow fat are those optimists and good-natured folk who can laugh at trouble.

Here's hoping the time will never come when rocking chairs will be disarmed.

A New York school teacher: "Abie, how many seasons are there?"

Abie: "Two ma'm, slack and busy."

A Frenchman was relating his experience in studying the English language, to a fellow country-man: "When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast," he said, "and that if I was tied I was fast; if I spent too freely I was fast, and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came to the sentence, 'The first one won one one dollar prize,' I gave up trying to learn English."

He: "My ideal of a wife is one who can make good bread."

She: "My ideal of a husband is one who can raise the dough in the hour of knead."

Usually our places in the study hall have little or no value, to say the least. On the night of the Tunney-Dempsey fight, however, they had a potential value of \$0.50; that is figuring the ringside seats at

\$40.00 and a distance of eighty miles between our seats and the arena. A chance for a budding Tex Rickard to do business!

The clerk who had been on a shopping trip in New York wrote to the bookkeeper at the store: "Since I have been away, I have seen many strange sights and hope to see you next Monday."

I've tried but never could
Quite figure out
What weeping willows had
To cry about.

—Ex.

The putter-off seldom puts it over.

Prize fights should now be reported under the financial news.

Editors may tug and toil,
'Till their finger tips are sore;
But some poor fish is sure to say,
"I've heard that joke before."

—Ex.

Some fellows never look ahead because they might see their finish.

Many an alley cat looks at an ermine coat and says:
"There goes papa."

We are all well acquainted with Sir Walter's magnanimous deed but how many of us know just what he said? The fact is that no one does know the exact

words, but someone suggested that he might have said: "Step on it, Lizzie!"

Who told Neumeyer he had a good profile? He's been walking sideways ever since.

The kick that some folks get out of life comes from behind.

Punk advertising—a bald barber.

She married him because
She liked his car,
But he can't buy gas, so they
Don't drive so very far.

—Ex.

How fortunate light and radio would be if they were pedestrains in these days of hit and skip drivers. They might get across the street safely.



DR. F. A. TURFLER

A straight backbone works better than a crooked one

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"THE POOR NUT"

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A Spanish American War epic. Very Good.

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